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The Caledonian.

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NEW ENGLAND'S BRAVE.

What! the North, the gallant North,
The sturdy sons of toil,
Who stand again as summoned forth,
For patriot's arts to foil.
Can save this goodly heritage,
Preserved by bounteous Heaven;
From greedy rebels now bent
To take it rent and given.
Faster respond unto the call,
The hardy mountaineers,
Lovers of green hills, his murmuring rills,
His country's cause to cheer.
Al! Vermont, the banner's thine!
By all the States awarded:
Thy sons, we feel, with hearts of steel,
Will keep it safely guarded.
Thou! Advance! thy sons elite,
Advance in arm array;
Not easy to chance, or fickle fate,
Thy fortunes of the fray.
Thy trust in God;—their stalwart arms,
And the battle's loud alarms
Will prove what valor can.
Conspicuous send forth her sons,
Devoted, true and brave;
When the light with by their might,
Or gain a glorious grave.
Hills! Maine, New Hampshire
Wait for the field;
And this they cry, "We'll do or die;
The foe shall fly or yield."
New England nobly takes her stand,
To combat for the right;
And from freedom's fairest land
From foul rebellion's blight.
Enthroned on the scroll of fame,
Her name will stand distinguished;
Who doubt our meteor flag afar,
Without one star extinguished.
Thine aloft that starry flag;
And proudly let it wave
O'er mountain height and beetling crag,
The emblem of the brave.
From Maine to Texas let it float,
In honor and renown.
In every fortress, rampart, moat;
How it dare to rise to do it down.
Look! L. L.

A Sad Sight.

It was a sad sight this morning. On a mat-
tress on the floor of a large room lay a man
in delirium tremens. His eyes were wide
and fixed intently upon the rafters. He
sweat and trembled. Occasionally his hands
and feet twitched and trembled, but generally
lay motionless, exactly as he was placed.
He looked stiff and rigid as a corpse, and
gave no notice of anything about him, and
seemed not to understand anything that was
said to him. He uttered only one word, and
that word seldom. He fancied that he saw
and every now and then he would spring
and shout "fire, fire, fire," as loud as he
could scream. When quiet, his face bore a
suffered, helpless, despairing look that was
awful.
On another mattress in the same room lay
a young man scarcely twenty, sleeping off the
effects of too much beer or liquor. I had
known him not long before as he was sitting
at his work, and observing that he did not
seem as usual, I said to him, "Why, Johnny,
what is the matter?"
"The truth is, I have taken too many glass-
es of beer."
How could you do it? I said to him, for I
had more than once talked to him about
drinking, and begged him not to do it.
"I had to drink with the young fellows who
were going away."
"Oh, Johnny, I fear for you," I replied. "I
wonder you will be just like that poor man
on the stairs."
"Oh, no, ma'am; my father and mother will
take care of me like him."
"How can they help it if you continue to
drink? I fear for you, Johnny. I cannot
see to think of your being a drunkard."
It was a sad sight to see that man suffer-
ing from that terrible disease which often
comes upon the drunkard. It was to me still
a sad sight to see this young man in his com-
pany, and that man, Johnny, as kind-hearted
and as ever lived, and could be a respecta-
ble man if he would only abstain from intox-
icating drink, but I much fear he will not do
so, and will become a confirmed drunkard.
It is not safe for us to allow ourselves
to be lulled into a false security. It requires great firmness to
resist the temptation, but I do not believe
a man was ever sorry that he did it.

Important to Volunteers.

The following extract from general order
No. 121, from the war department, dated Aug
10, 1862, is published for the information of
all concerned:
"As the sudden call for volunteers and mi-
litary supplies has exhausted the supply of blankets,
for military purposes, in the market, and it
is some time to procure by manufac-
ture, or importation a sufficient supply, all
volunteers who may volunteer or be drafted
are to take with them to the rendezvous
a good stout woolen blanket. The
blanket military blanket is 84x66 inches,
and weighs 5 lbs.
"As clothing, blankets and shoes issued
to the U. S. troops are charged at aver-
age cost, and no soldier who furnishes his
own blanket is required to draw one, it is his
interest to supply himself, and thereby
avoid much discomfort, as it is impossible for
the U. S. to supply all the troops immedi-
ately."

THE BELLINGHAM FAMILY—PRE- SENTED BY JOSH BILLINGS, ESQ.—If you want to see the coach and education too, get the family.

Now, have ye? to everybody.
Who are modest, but mind and keep a
few of impudence on hand.
If you argue, never get bent.
Be charitable; but sent pieces was made
for purpose.
Don't take any body's advice but your
own.
It costs more to borrow than to buy.
If a man flatters you, you can kaiserlate
that is a rage, or yure a fule.
If ye both ice open, but don't eorn mor hat
for ye.
N—these are proverbs he stood four morn-
ing hours, and haunt him yet—
Merry's Museum.

Tip—I am particularly uneasy on this
point, as the fly said when a boy held it on
the point of a needle.

Napoleon's Fete in Paris.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUTLER.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, }
Aug 16, 1862. }

In Switzerland I saw the glorious handi-
work of the Creator. The sunset on Mount
Rigi was an apocalyptic vision. Here in
Paris I see the utmost that man has yet pro-
duced of skill and art and elegance. One
hour on the Alps was worth a month on the
boulevards.
Paris is always a brilliant city, but yester-
day it was in a blaze—on the annual fete of
the Emperor Napoleon. The gala commene-
ed on the day previous with a grand review
of 65,000 men on the historic Champ de
Mars. On arriving at the spot—moving with
the crowd—I found at least one hundred
thousand people assembled to witness the
splendid spectacle. The field was already
covered with the army array, drawn up in a
long line of scarlet, blue, and flashing steel.
In the ranks were the Voltigeurs of Magenta
and Solferino—the famous Zouaves, who re-
semble tiger-cats in agility and fierceness—
the National Guard, 30,000 strong—and the
Imperial Guard, with many a cross of the Le-
gion of Honor glittering on the breast. In
equipment and drill the troops were enough
to excite the envy of McClellan. How I
longed to be able to hurl that magnifi-
cent army upon my country's foes!

At two o'clock the Emperor, surrounded
by a brilliant staff, rode on the field amid
much sensation but no loud cheering. He
passed up the open space between the lines
—riding well a bay charger—and doffing his
cocked hat and white plume to the saluting
soldiery. He was richly dressed, but begins
to look old; on his sphynxlike countenance
no man can read his inner thoughts. His
face is brown and Bonapartist enough; but
who would dream that behind that shaven
countenance lurks the brain-power that shakes
the thrones of Europe?

Soon after him an open barouche and four
appeared, bearing the beautiful Empress, her
only boy riding near her on a pony. France
is training the heir to her throne with a thor-
ough education to the sword and bayonet—
The Empress was in white throughout. Her
beauty is exquisite; her costume was fault-
less. She looked like a floating cloud of lace,
as she moved slowly across the vast area.
Her tall figure bowed constantly and grace-
fully to the troops, who saluted her with pre-
sented arms and flourish of trumpets. The
whole spectacle was thrilling beyond words.
It was enough to take the breath out of any
enthusiastic lover of history to see an actual
Emperor Napoleon review an Imperial Guard
on the Champ de Mars. The whole storied
past—red with the glare of revolutions and
Marengo and Jena—crowded before me,
and the scene seemed an illusion of the con-
jurer. A few rods away—in his stone coffin
—lies the dead magician who, by his bold
right arm, created all this dynasty of imperi-
al sword-and-state craft—a dynasty not soon
to be overthrown.

The review of Thursday was but the pre-
lude to the great gala of yesterday. All day
long, and beyond the midnight, Paris was
one vast play-ground—a moving panorama
of gaily-dressed people and coaches and sol-
diers and merry-makers of every hue and
character. At ten o'clock the scarred vet-
erans of the old Napoleon—the feeble rem-
nants of Austerlitz and Wagram and Leipzig
—marched into the Place Vendôme. They
halted at the base of the iron column cast
from the guns taken on the field of Marengo.
They uncovered, and looked upwards toward
the statue on the column's summit. There
he stood in the immortal gray coat and chap-
eaus—just as they had seen him through the
fire-clouds of Wagram and Eylau! What an
hour to them! Through that scene, as thro'
a lens, how must they have looked back to
battle storms that made the world turn pale.
They lingered awhile before the funeral
wreaths strewed about the pillar's base, and
then moved silently away. Next year the
fragment of the 'Grand Armee' will be small-
er still—until ere long its last survivor,
through vision weak and dim, will look up-
ward to find the old familiar form that shall
stir the pulsations of his youth with a pain
too deep for tears.

I cannot attempt to describe all the pa-
geants of yesterday. At high noon a *Te
Deum* was chanted in Notre Dame. Then
came a wonderful series of sports and enter-
tainments—of boat-races and band-playings,
of balloon-ascentions and theatrical perfor-
mances, of concerts and puppet shows—such
as mercurial Paris only can exhibit. *Pléasure*
is the god of this great city's idolatry, where
eternity seems to be well-nigh forgotten—
"Eat, drink, and be merry," is written before
every eye. Yet I cannot forbear to say—in
justice to the populace—that through the
whole day I did not witness a single instance
of rudeness or violence or drunkenness!—
Would an American holiday command such a
testimony?

About six o'clock I strolled over the Place
de la Concorde, to witness the festivities, in
company with Doctors Parker and Ralston
Smith of New York. The place was alive
with gaiety. Could it be that on that very
spot the guillotine had stood through the
whole Reign of Terror? Even so. Into that
area the chariot of death had rolled ever
morning, laden with the great and the
good, the young and the beautiful. The royal
daughter of Austria, Marie Antoinette,
here bowed to the fatal axe. Then came the
placid Vergniaud—then Danton, glaring like
a wild beast on his tormentors—then Char-
lotte Corday, with the rose between her lips.
Last of all—with his wounded jaw falling on
his blood-stained breast—came the tiger
Robespierre. A woman, breaking through the
crowd, cried out, "Murderer of my kind-
red, descend to hell, covered with the curses

of every mother in France!" The execution-
er seized his trembling frame and forced him
down on the block, but could not force down
the frightful yell that rose above the crack of
the guillotine and the huzzas of the populace.
In that horrid shriek died out the Reign of
Terror; and it was fitting that he who sound-
ed its tocsin should utter its death-knell.

Last evening the Place de la Concorde was
trodden by at least a half-million spectators
of the gorgeous illumination. Those only
who have seen Paris can have any conception
of the fairy spectacle. Imagine the whole
front of all the public edifices on the central
square of Paris blazing with lines of living
light; imagine the fountains playing over
globes of fire; the vast Champs-Elysees filled
in every tree and shrub with full twenty
thousand Chinese lanterns of crimson and
purple and golden hues; and then back of
all the Vesuvius of ascending rockets and
fire-streamers from the banks of the Seine!
For five hours the magnificent display went
forward with ever-varying splendors. 'Ah,'
said Dr. P. to me, "this is Fourth of July for
a lifetime." The happy crowd moved over
the city enjoying the enchantment till mid-
night, and it was near daylight when the
streets grew still. Such was the fete of the
Emperor. Will his infant son ever celebrate
its like?

Our national cause is suffering here sorely
through the persistent and willful poison of
the British press. The unhappy wording of
Butler's proclamation injured us severely; the
diastores on James river worst of all. Cot-
ton and the money of Liverpool secessionists
are all against us. Slidell is busy here, and
so are scores of slavery's emissaries. Noth-
ing can turn the adverse currents in our fa-
vor but victory; and nothing can give us vic-
tory but an appeal to the God of Justice and
a hearty, unconditional warfare for freedom
to every rebel's slave South of the Potomac.
Fighting for the right, we shall not fail, and
never until slavery breathes its last polluted
breath can the Union commence anew its re-
spirations. The friends of liberty in Europe
wait anxiously for the signal.

ASTONISHING REVELATIONS.

Some time since, two notorious characters,
named Johnson and Sheehan, were arrested in
Galena, Ill., on an alleged charge of treason,
and sent to Fort Lafayette. A few days ago
several loyal persons were sent by the same
authority to the same place, on the charge of
having advertised to procure substitutes for
such persons as might be drafted. Presum-
ing that all who were sent to Fort Lafayette
were traitors, Johnson opened his mind to a
Mr. Ballard, one of the latter mentioned per-
sons, who after hearing the plot described be-
fore, informed police superintendent Kennedy
concerning the matter, who investigated a
search and found a paper on Johnson's per-
son identifying him with the secret order
known as the Knights of the Golden Circle.
Mr. Ballard has made affidavit to the state-
ments made to him Johnson, and among them
the following:
"He (Johnson) said the NORTHWESTERN
STATES TO BE INVADIED, THE SOUTHERN
CONSTITUTION TO BE PROCLAIMED, and the free
navigation of the Mississippi proffered. That
on this being done, the people, who were
organized and prepared for it, would rise, and
leave from the Yankees, and if necessary, to
put down opposition, THE WHOLE NORTH
WOULD RUN WITH RIVERS OF BLOOD. While
he gave utterance to the foregoing words, he
accompanied them by allusions to organiza-
tions existing in existence to carry out the plan.
He also stated that when he was arrested
large numbers from the surrounding country
called on him and offered a rescue, but that
he advised them to leave the whole matter to
him, that the time had not yet arrived for
them to act, but that it would surely come."

Reorganization of the Army Corps.

In accordance with an order recently is-
sued by direction of the President, the sev-
eral army corps will now stand as follows:
1st corps, Maj Gen Hooker.
2d corps, Maj Gen Sumner.
3d corps, Maj Gen Heintzelman.
4th corps, Major Gen Keyes.
5th corps, Maj Gen Fitz John Porter.
6th corps, Maj Gen Franklin.
7th corps, Maj Gen Dix.
8th corps, Maj Gen Wool.
9th corps, Maj Gen Burnside.
10th corps, Maj Gen Mitchell.
11th corps, Maj Gen Sedgwick.
12th corps, Maj Gen Sigel.

A friend has forwarded to us an early
copy of the message delivered by Gov Ramsey
of Minnesota in the House of Representatives
at St. Paul, on the 9th instant, to the mem-
bers of the Legislature. It makes very brief
allusion to national matters. The Indian out-
rages monopolize the greater part of the ad-
dress. The Governor estimates the number
killed in course of these atrocities to be five
hundred. The detail of horrors is fearful.
The amount of property destroyed is estimat-
ed by millions of dollars. All the wealth of
the districts over which the spoiler has swept
has been wantonly sacrificed, and 30,000 peo-
ple have been involved in the consequences.
To cover this loss the Governor suggests that
the United States government be petitioned to
appropriate the annuities due the Minnesota
Indians, amounting to \$2,000,000 for the
benefit of the losers. Respecting the manner
of treating the Indians in absence of the pow-
er of the national government to protect the
people of Minnesota from their atrocities,
Gov Ramsey thinks they must be exterminat-
ed or driven beyond the State borders with-
out peaceably or otherwise, and he asks the
legislature to memorialize the general govern-
ment for the necessary powers to carry out
this policy.—*Boston Journal.*

This is a sound man in Loraine coun-
ty, Ohio, who is right on his morals in regard
to the draft question. He declines to be drafted
because it is a game of chance.—A Mrs
Dobb made her appearance before the draft-
ing commissioner of Polk county, Illinois, re-
cently, with two infants in her arms and
followed by fourteen other children of various
ages and sizes. She said she and her children
had come to plead for her husband's exemp-
tion from the draft on account of physical dis-
ability. The commissioner bashfully suggest-
ed that her large family was not very good
evidence of disability and declined to grant
her request. But the woman was right; her
husband must be about played out.

Advice to Soldiers.

A correspondent writes to the Middlebury
Register, to give to inexperienced soldiers
some hints for the preservation of health,
from what he has learned in the field. After
warning the new recruit that the enthusiasm
of the first week will soon tone down to
stanch realities, which he must meet and face
as a man—that he cannot live as carelessly
about his health as he can at home, where
warm rooms and comfortable beds and well
cooked meals are at his service from day to
day, and that he must act the physician for
himself to a great degree, and be watchful
against any predisposition to disease, he pro-
ceeds to give some special directions as fol-
lows:

"They consist of a program of articles to
be taken by the recruit when he goes into
camp, or to besent to him by his friends, when
he shall have reached a point where he can be
addressed.
Let him have with him two pairs of well-
knit socks, two firm woolen shirts, a large
crash towel, a piece of Castile soap, to be
used as often as possible in bathing the en-
tire body, a woolen cap, sometimes called a
smoking cap, two large old-fashioned silk
pocket-handkerchiefs, which may be used to
hang from the neck, as a protection against a
blazing sun, or as a veil to cover the face
when sleeping out nights, amid miasmas and
sleeping vermin, or as a bandage for wounds.
He should have constantly with him a supply
of Cayenne pepper, such as is obtained from
the drug-stores under the name of 'capsicum.'"

The benefits arising from the use of this
latter article are incalculable. A single pinch
in a glass of flat warmish water will nullify
the effects and the uncomfortable sensation
from having drank too much water during the
day; will help the weary sentinal keep
awake at his post at night, by warming and
invigorating the whole system. A good pinch
at each meal, or when a cup of tea or coffee
is drank, will aid diges-
tion, assist in preventing acidity of the stom-
ach, and is besides a great antagonist of the
diarrhea, dysentery, flux and "looseness,"
the great scourges of the army. A level
teaspoonful of capsicum, taken daily in eat-
ing or drinking, or both, or two fingers' full
taken two or three times a day, will do more
toward warding off the fever and ague than
ten times the cost in rum and quinine. There
should also always be carried in the knap-
sack a large piece of gutta percha cloth, to
spread upon the ground at night for the sol-
dier to spread his blanket on when he goes
to bed. To these suggestions may be added
the injunctions to eat, as far as possible, regu-
larly, to shun sutler's tents, with their de-
testable meats and cakes, and their poisonous
preserved meats, as one would shun a con-
tact with the leprosy; to maintain, in short,
a perfect system of living, just as far as duty
in camp will allow.

If my friend who may read this, and who
is going soon to buckle on his armor for the
cause of his country, will treasure the hints I
have thrown out, and act upon them, he will
add a hundred per cent to the probabilities of
his returning to his father's house, that knew
such keen anguish and bitter mourning when
he was called to leave it. Once more, my
soldier friend, before you leave your home,
supply yourself with envelopes and writing
paper, and with a good substantial lead pen-
cil; upon the envelopes have postage stamps
placed, and have them directed in a strong
plain hand to the address of those you
will want to write to when far away—your
father, your loving and ever watchful mother,
or your sister; and then when you stop any-
where, for a day or such a matter, write
something home, if it is not more than six
lines, and tell your anxious friends how you
are. And to you, parents, too, and relations
of the soldiers, I must say, write often to
him. Write long letters. Give all the news
you can think of. Let every line be full of
love, of kind, affectionate interest and en-
couragement, and you cannot tell how much
sunshine you will put into his heart, and how
much better soldier and man he will become
for your thoughtfulness of him. I speak of
all these things "whereof I have seen."

THE DIFFERENCE.

The difference between public feeling North and South is thus
noted in the Philadelphia Bulletin:—
"A gentleman from a city in southern Ten-
nessee, who has just returned here, states that
he was at the fair at Nashville, and saw a spec-
tacle of every northern town and city. He sees no
signs that we care about the war at all. Our
streets are filled with idle, undrilled people;
our money-making is going on as usual, and
social life is comparatively tranquil. All this
is in glaring contrast with every spot of the
rebel territory. No able-bodied men are seen
in southern cities save those in government
employ, and much of the light labor hitherto
in the hands of men is performed by women.
He adds that there is a consciousness of
strength in the loyal states which will eventu-
ally be brought to the service of the coun-
try; but until that contingency takes place
we will not thoroughly suppress the rebel-
lion."

A celebrated divine who prided him-
self on the originality of his sermons was once
told jocularly, that a sermon he preached was
excellent, "but," said the man who told him,
"I had previously read every word of it in a
book I have at home." The astonished clery-
gman begged for a sight of the volume.—
"O, I have no doubt you have the same book
in your library—it is Webster's Dictionary."

An applicant for exemption, at New
Bedford, on account of physical disability, in-
formed the examining physician that he was
troubled with heart disease. The doctor told
him to run up and down the stairs leading to
his office once or twice. The applicant did
this, when the physician, after listening to the
motion of the heart, said: "You will pass,
sir; a dollar, if you please." "But, doctor,"
said the man, "let me run down stairs once
more, and then try me." The doctor assent-
ed; the man ran down stairs—and—forgot
to come back.

Free Schools in America.

I do not know any contrast that would be
more surprising to an Englishman, up to that
moment ignorant of the matter, than that
which he would find by visiting first of all a
free school in London, and then a free school
in New York. If he would also learn the
number of children that are educated gratuit-
ously in each of the two cities, and also the
number in each which altogether lack educa-
tion, he would find that statistics, be-
surprised also at that. But seeing and hear-
ing are always more effective than mere
figures. The female pupil at a free school in
London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper,
or a charity girl, if not degraded at least
stigmatized by the badges and dress of the
charity. We Englishmen know well the type
of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the
amount of education which is imparted to
them. We see the result afterwards when
the same girls become our servants, and the
wives of our grooms and porters. The fe-
male pupil at a free school in New York is
neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is
dressed with the utmost decency. She is
perfectly cleanly. In speaking to her, you
cannot in any degree guess whether her
father has a dollar a day, or three thousand
dollars a year. Nor will you be enabled to
guess by the manner in which her associates
treat her. As regards her own manner to
you, it is always the same as though her
father were in all respects your equal. As to
the amount of her knowledge, I fairly confess
that it is terrific. When, in the first room
which I visited, a slight slim creature was
had up before me to explain to me the prop-
erties of the hypotenuse I fairly confess that
as regards education, I backed down, and
that I resolved to confine my criticisms to
manner, dress, and general behavior. In the
next room I was more at my ease, finding
ancient Roman history was on the tapis.
"Why did the Roman run away with the
Sabine woman?" asked the mistress, herself
a pretty woman about three-and-twenty. Be-
cause they were pretty," simpered out a lit-
tle girl with a cherry mouth. The answer did
not give complete satisfaction; and then fol-
lowed a somewhat abstruse explanation. It
was all done with good faith and a serious
intent, and showed what it was intended to
show,—that the girls there educated had in-
truth reached the consideration of important
subjects, and that they were leagues beyond
that terrible repetition of A B C, to which, I
fear, that most of our free metropolitan
schools are still necessarily confined. You
and I reader, were we called on to superin-
tend the education of girls of sixteen, might
not select as favorite points either the hy-
pothenuse, or the ancient methods of populating
young colonies. There may be, and to us on
the European side of the Atlantic there is
a certain amount of absurdity in the trans-
atlantic idea that all knowledge is knowledge,
and that it should be imparted if it be not
knowledge of evil. But as to the general re-
sult, no fair-minded man or woman can have
a doubt. That the lads and girls in these
schools are excellently educated comes home
as a fact to the mind of any one who will look
into the subject. That girl could not have
got as far as the hypotenuse without a com-
petent and abiding knowledge of much that
is very far beyond the outside limits of what
such girls know with us. It was at least
manifest in the other examination that the
girls knew as well as I did who were the Ro-
mans, and who were the Sabine women. That
this is of use, was shown in the very gestures
and bearings of the girl. *Emmott Moore, as
Col Newcombe used to say.* That young
woman whom I had watched while she cooked
her husband's dinner upon the banks of the
Mississippi, had doubtless learned all about
the Sabine women, and I feel assured that
she cooked her husband's dinner all the bet-
ter for that knowledge, and faced the hard-
ships of the world with a better front than
she would have done had she been ignorant on
the subject.—*Anthony Trollope.*

THE WAR.

The Battle of South Mountain.

The battle which occurred at South Moun-
tain was not a mere incident of the pursuit
of the retreating rebel army. The rebels had
chosen the mountain as affording the best
possible advantages for defence, and the at-
tack upon them was deliberately planned and
executed with great gallantry. The Union
troops were organized and put in position for
the attack under the direction of Gen Mc-
Clellan. We quote an account of the battle
from the correspondence of the New York
Times:—
The early position of the Union army, or
where the line of battle was first formed, was
on a piece of rising ground on the right and
left of the main road between Bolivar and
the mountains. As the day advanced and
our forces moved forward, the position was
changed, but never for the better. The
nearer we approached the mountains, the
more successfully could the enemy bring his
artillery to bear on our columns. The battle
commenced with artillery at 7 a.m., Robert-
son's U. S. battery of four light field pieces
firing the first shot. A heavy cannonading
then ensued, but as usual in artillery duels
little damage was effected on either side.
At 10 a.m. the enemy withdrew his pieces on
the left and right of the Gap and worked
principally with those in the Gap. A half an hour
later all of the enemy's guns were silent, but
upon the moving of Cox's division soon after
to the edge of the woods on the side of
the mountain at the left, the rebels again
produced their pieces at the right of the Gap.
Cox's Massachusetts battery of six pieces
was now brought up to the support of Ro-
bertson's, and a concentrating fire was poured
directly into the Gap, many of the shells burst-
ing directly over the rebel guns. At first the
enemy threw solid shot, but after a while
changed the projectile to shell. Three times
during the day the rebels were forced to
change the position of their pieces, and late
in the afternoon their guns were silent alto-
gether.
By 11 o'clock Cox's division had arrived at
the woods, and a few minutes later had en-

tered for the purpose of getting round the
enemy's right. At this juncture generals
McClellan and Burnside with their staffs, rode
upon the field, where they remained during
the continuance of the battle. Cox's battery
took a favorable position for shelling the
rebels in advance of the division, but had
hardly got to work when the rebels fired a
tremendous volley of musketry at the can-
noniers. This was repeated several times in
quick succession, until at length the cannon-
iers abandoned their pieces, and ran to the
rear, leaving four or five of their comrades
dead upon the ground. The drivers of the
caissons also partook of the panic, and dash-
ed headlong through the ranks of Cox's divi-
sion, which was drawn up in line of battle a
few yards to the rear. Two companies of a
cavalry regiment, which were supporting the
battery, galloped thro' the line of infantry, thus
leaving four pieces of artillery (the other two
having been detached to another part of the
field) to fall into the hands of the enemy.
The event caused temporary, and only tem-
porary confusion among the troops. They
quickly straightened the line and prepared to
resist a demonstration observable on the part
of the enemy to seize the abandoned pieces.
The rebels march forward to secure their an-
ticipated prize, at the same moment the 23d
Ohio and 100th Pennsylvania regiments ad-
vanced in splendid order to repulse them.
The rebels had approached to within about
ten feet of the guns when the contest com-
menced. Each side seemed desperate in its
purpose, and the struggle was most exciting.
All along the line the utmost enthusiasm was
manifested for Hooker. Every man in the
corps was evidently impressed with the belief
that he had a general able and willing to lead
them forward to face the enemy.
Immediately after the line of battle was
formed, at 3 o'clock, the right, left and cen-
tre commenced moving simultaneously toward
the enemy on the slope of the mountains.
The rebels opened on the column with two
pieces of cannon, directing the fire of one to
the right and of the other to the left of the
line. They were replied to by one of Sim-
mon's 20-pounders on our left, and Cooper's
battery on our right. The enemy continued
the firing for upward of an hour, when, on
account of the severe punishment he was re-
ceiving from our guns, and the near approach
of our infantry to his piece he disappeared on
the other side of the mountain. The enemy's
shells for the most part went over the Union
troops, consequently they did not effect much
damage. Steadily onward went our long, un-
broken line of infantry, until the right wing
had gained a piece of woods on the mountain,
a short distance from the base, when the
rebels, as we were skirmishing on the right,
discovered the enemy's pickets in disorder
rattling of musketry was next heard, which
indicated the commencement of the battle on
the part of the infantry. The column from
right to left still remained unbroken, and ad-
vanced cautiously but firmly up the steep.
In a short time the enemy's main force was
encountered, and then came heavy volleys of
musketry on the right. The Pennsylvania
reserve corps and the first brigade of Rickett's
division were now hotly engaging the enemy.
The rebels stood their ground for a while,
but after a contest of thirty minutes they were
repulsed, and commenced falling back in dis-
order toward the summit of the mountains.
Our force pushed them vigorously, and kept
up a continuous fire.

The line did not give way for an instant,
but kept moving forward and upward, and
pouring volley after volley of musketry into
the enemy's ranks, until at last the rebels
broke and ran to the top of the moun-
tain, thence down on the other side. Reno's
corps on the left did its part nobly. The men
were called upon to do some severe fighting,
and they performed their duty with a will
and valor seldom before displayed. The en-
gagement on the left succeeded that on the
right, and lasted about an hour and a half.
The enemy contested every foot of ground,
but eventually yielded it to the conquerors.
The centre column was the last to come into
the action. The same success that marked
the advance of the two wings also attended
the centre. At 6 p.m., after an engagement
of three hours' duration the rebels fled, leav-
ing the top of the mountain in the possession
of the Union troops. Darkness prevented us
from pursuing the enemy farther at the time.

ESCAPE OF CAVALRY FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

A letter received by H. S. Noyes of Spring-
field, Mass, from his son, a member of the
Rhode Island cavalry, dated at Greencastle,
Penn., 10th, gives the following account of
the escape of our cavalry from Harper's Fer-
ry previous to its surrender, and their exploits
on the road to Pennsylvania:
"We arrived here yesterday from Harper's
Ferry, in company with about 2300 other
cavalry. Where we are going we do not
know, but probably into Maryland again, as
soon as possible. We left Harper's Ferry
because we had our choice between being ta-
ken prisoners of war, or of cutting our way
through the rebel lines—so we chose the lat-
ter. We started Sunday night, the 14th, at
8 1/2 P.M., and rode all night on the run, and
succeeded in getting within a few miles of
Hagerstown, all right; there we learned that
a force of 20,000 or 25,000 rebels were in po-
sition, and trying to flank us, so we had to
go across fields, through woods, &c, in order
to get them off our track. In doing this we
ran right straight into two regiments of in-
fantry. A few rounds from our carbines
cleared the track, however, and we dashed on,
and soon came up with a baggage train of
the enemy, which we pounced upon. We
captured 70 baggage wagons filled with am-
munition and stores, and brought them in
with us to this place. Last night we heard
that the whole rebel force had skedaddled
from around Hagerstown, supposing that we
were the advance guard of a large body of
men under McClellan. They piled all their
plunder, blankets, &c, into their wagons, 150
in number, and burned them. So we made
a good thing of it."

THE SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY.

The officers and soldiers of Col Miles' force
at Harper's Ferry could not see the necessity
of surrender, and were most exasperated
when the white flag was raised, but there is
no doubt Colonel Miles honestly believed he
could not hold out longer without risking the
entire destruction of his whole force.—
The battle commenced on Thursday afternoon
by skirmishing on Maryland heights. It was
renewed again on Friday morning, at day-
break. Our forces held their ground until
about noon, when, being flanked on the left,
they were compelled to fall back to the large
guns. Not long afterwards these were spiked,
and the whole command retreated down the
mountain. On Sunday the enemy commene-
ed a fierce cannonading from the Maryland
and Loudon heights, which was replied to by
our forces. It continued until sunset, our
guns holding their own in fine style. Dur-
ing Sunday night the rebels planted more
guns, and in the morning opened in all direc-
tions upon our forces, drawn up in line of
battle on Bolivar heights. It appeared use-
less to contend against such overwhelming
odds, our forces being surrounded by 100,
000 men, and seven different batteries firing
upon them. The white flag was raised at 20
minutes past 7 o'clock. But a few moments
later Col Miles was struck by a piece of shell,
which carried away his left thigh. The terms
of capitulation were remarkably liberal—the
officers being allowed to go paroled, with
side arms and private property, and the pri-
vates with everything save equipments and
guns.
The whole force surrendered was 11,500.
The plunder consisted of 47 cannon, about
10,000 stand of arms and a large quantity of
stores and munitions. They took some 500
or 600 contrabands, most of whom had come
in from the surrounding country. These
were all driven into the army yard as soon
as taken, many of them being handcuffed.—
They were taken toward Winchester by the
retreating army.

A Terrible Battle on Wednesday.

TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }